

"INSTAURARE

OMNIA
IN
CHRISTO"

POPE PIUS XI.

RESTORATION

"TO RESTORE
ALL THINGS
IN
CHRIST"

POPE PIUS XI.

VOL. IX.

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—JUNE, 1956

No. 6.

TRAVEL IN THE YUKON SUBJECT TO WEATHER

By Louis Stoeckle

Maryhouse, Whitehorse, Yukon — "The Vicariate Apostolic of Whitehorse," says the Catholic Year Book, "erected as a Vicariate on Jan. 14, 1944, comprises the whole of the Yukon Territory, together with the districts of Telegraph Creek and Atlin in western part of British Columbia, and, in the eastern part, all the territory north of the 8th parallel."

Quote these words to any old-timer in the Yukon and immediately he begins to relive his days on the trail. Take Hard Rock MacDonald for instance. Mention Telegraph Creek and you have "for your listening pleasure" at least two hours of travel by dog-team and struggle for survival flowing from thirty-five years of prospecting and trapping.

A Big Order

But that's not your nor me. While our friend gazes into the early days of the Yukon, let us take a conducted tour of the B.C. section of the Vicariate — a big order. To travel by car is out of the question. Not enough roads. By water? No can do. Only a few settlements are accessible by boat. A team of huskies? That would take a dog's age.

Anyway, let's begin at the beginning. To simplify matters, our starting point will be Marian Centre in Edmonton, Alberta. Within a matter of a few hours, a Canadian Pacific Airlines plane brings us 800 miles, to Fort Nelson, B.C. Through the clouds we see below us a vast ocean of snowy mountains and verdant valleys. Our craft, a 2-engine Convair, taxis to a stop. We are at mile 300 on the Alaska Highway. Our first glimpse of the Vicariate!

We have only 15 minutes to visit the snack-bar while the plane refuels. That airman standing by the juke-box is a likely source of information.

Thick Mosquitoes

"Our Lady of the Snow Mission? Sure it's a little church just off the airport road. However, the last time I saw Fr. Debusschere was two years ago, before I was posted to Snag. At that time, he had just moved his church five miles to its present location. Then he spent the long summer nights working on the foundations of the building. During the day he would take his rest. You see, the nights at this time of the year are bright and cool . . . and besides, the mosquitoes are thickest during the heat of the day. Father Veyrat left yesterday to visit some of his parishioners at Snake River."

As we return to the plane, a placard in the cafe window catches our attention: Alaska Highway.

Winding in and winding out
Fills my mind with serious
doubt

As to whether the Dude who
built this road
Was going to Hades or coming
out.

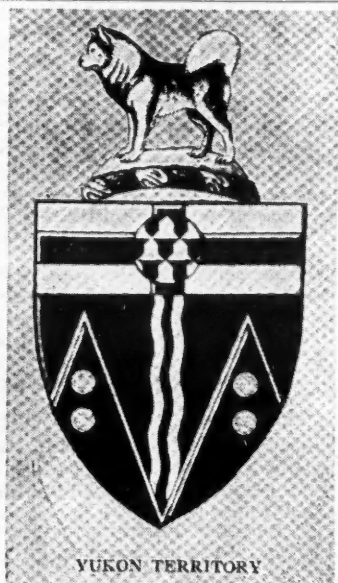
Beaten Mountains

Once more we are cruising over landscapes that seem still fresh with the breath of creation. Far below us the Alaska Highway threads its way aimlessly. Our destination is Watson Lake, Y.T. As our plane descends for the landing, we have a final glimpse of the Rockies. This range of mountains is beaten into submission as it enters the Yukon and terminates in foothills just south of the Liard River.

To meet us at the airport is Father Drea, O.M.I., who might be mistaken for movie star, Pat O'Brien with a French accent. This veteran missionary left the shores of his native France almost twenty years ago to bring the Truth of Christ to the Canadian north. His first rectory was a tent; his first acolytes the snow-surpliced Rockies. His companion is Fr. Huybers, O.M.I., a ruddy faced Dutch priest who finds life at Cassiar, B.C., a little on the quiet side as compared to his days in the French underground. Two hundred miles a week over rugged mountain roads are just the thing to keep a man in trim! Our taxi, Fr. Huybers' jeep truck, is ready to take us on the next lap of the journey.

At Recess Time

Fifteen miles to the South lies Lower Post, B.C. — Mile Post 620. Surrounded on all sides by frolicking Indian children stands an imposing stucco building, bizarre in its setting of dense evergreen forest. It is recess time at St. John's Indian Residential School. The Sisters of St. Anne, devoted Apostles of the North, introduce us to Fr. Y. Levaque, O.M.I., formerly R.C.A.F. Command Chaplain and recently appointed superior (Continued on Page Four)



YUKON COAT OF ARMS

Canada's Governor General Massey, in his visit to the Northwest Territory and the Yukon Territory during the month of April 1956, formally turned over a new coat of arms to each Territory.

The coats of arms were designed by Lt. Commander Allan B. Beddoe. They were passed without change by the College of Heraldry, and approved by Queen Elizabeth.

The Governor General formally presented the Yukon coat of arms to the Territorial Council in Whitehorse. The coat of arms consists of a malamute on the top, and bears a St. George Cross to recall British exploration, a roundel of squirrel skins for the fur trade, a streak for the Yukon River, peaks for the mountains, and gold buttons for the mines.

(Reprinted with permission, Time Magazine, April 16, 1956, issue.)

VOICE OF PETER

During the course of this year Catholics all over the world are celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of "Quadragesimo Anno," the famous encyclical of Pope Pius XI on Reconstructing the Social Order. Excerpts from this timeless document and others — are presented here for your serious consideration. These quotations are taken from a fine pamphlet written by Father Clement Rousseau, O.M.I., and published by the Social Action Department of the Canadian Catholic Conference, Ottawa.

The Problem

"... nowadays the conditions of social and economic life are such that vast multitudes of men can only with great difficulty pay attention to that one thing necessary, namely their eternal salvation."

"Our predecessor, of venerated memory, Pius XI, having shown the contempt with which the more important interests of the worker were too often held, cried out: 'Contrary to the plan of Providence, work which was destined, even after original sin, for the material and moral perfectioning of man, tends under present conditions to become an instrument of depravation. Inert material leaves the factory ennobled; whilst men are corrupted and depraved there.' We would like to be able to say that such things no longer happen anywhere on earth. Unfortunately, everyone knows that progress is slow, much too slow in this essential matter in many countries, if not in whole continents." (Pius XII, Feb. 4, 1956.)

Life Blood And Soul

"This (economic) dictatorship is being most forcibly exercised by those who, since they hold the money and completely control it, control credit also and rule the lending of money. Hence, they regulate the flow, so to speak, of the life-blood whereby the entire economic system lives, and have so firmly in their grasp the soul, as it were, of economic life that no one can breathe against their will . . . limitless free competition permits the survival of those only who are the strongest, which often means those who fight most relentlessly, who pay least heed to the dictates of conscience."

"The mind shudders if we consider the frightful perils to which the morals of workers (of boys and young men particularly), and the virtue of girls and women are exposed in modern factories; if we recall how the present economic regime, and above all the disgraceful housing conditions, prove obstacles to the family tie and family life; if we remember the insuperable difficulties placed in the way of a proper observance of the holy days. How universally has the true Christian spirit become impaired which formerly produced such lofty sentiments even in uncultured and illiterate men! In its stead, man's one solicitude is to obtain his daily bread in any way he can."

The Remedy

"Only a return to Christian life and principles can bring about an efficacious remedy for this excessive preoccupation with perishable things, the origin of all vice. God alone, when men are fascinated and completely absorbed by the goods of this world, can turn their eyes away and lift them toward heaven. Who will deny that this is the modern world's greatest need? . . . for what does it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, but suffer the loss of his own soul? (Matthew 16, 26). For what does it profit to teach them the sure principles which should govern economic activities, if they allow themselves to be misled by a limitless cupidity and a sordid egoism, if 'knowing the law of God, they act in complete opposition to its precepts?' (Judges 2, 17)."

"A true collaboration of all with a view to the common welfare will only be established when all will share the firm conviction of being members of one great family and the children of the same heavenly Father, of forming even in Christ but one body of which they are reciprocal members (Rom. 12, 5), in such a way that if one suffers, all suffer with him." (I Cor. 12, 26.)

A Call To The Laity

"Circumstances clearly set out for us the way that must be followed. As in other periods in the history of the Church, we confront a world which has largely fallen back into paganism. To bring back to Christ these various classes of men who have disowned Him, we must before anything else recruit and form within their own ranks auxiliaries of the Church who understand their mentality, their aspirations, who know how to speak to their hearts in a spirit of fraternal charity. The first apostles, the immediate apostles of the workers must be workers; the apostles of the industrial and commercial world must be industrialists and men of commerce."

"Signs full of promise for a social renovation are appearing in workers' organizations, among which we notice, to the great joy of our souls, steady ranks of young Christian workers who have arisen at the call of divine grace and nourish the noble ambition of reconquering to Christ the lost souls of their brothers."

Hour For Action

"Let Catholic workers, by their example, by their words, make their fallen and misled brothers understand that the Church is a tender Mother for all those who labor and suffer . . . If this mission which they are to accomplish in the mines, in the factories, in the workshops, everywhere they work calls for occasional sacrifices that are great, they will recall that the Savior of the world has given to us an example, not only of labor, but also of sacrifice." (Div. Red.)

"Assuredly, it is now especially that we need these valiant soldiers of Christ who, with all their strength, work towards the preservation of the human family from the frightful ruin which will descend upon it if the contempt for the doctrines of the Gospel permits the triumph of an order of things which tramples under foot the laws of nature as well as the laws of God . . . Let, then, all men of good will stand united. Let all those who, under the pastors of the Church, wish to fight this good and peaceful fight of Christ, as far as talents, powers and station allow, strive to play their part in the Christian renewal of human society . . . that in all and above all Christ may reign and rule, to Whom be honor and glory and power forever and ever!"



The Secret of Mary

(Continued from last month)

The Better Way

A sculptor has two ways of making a statue. He may carve it out of wood, or stone, or some other suitable material. Or he may cast it in a mold. An unhappy blow of the hammer, or a slip of the chisel, or any other accident may destroy the carver's work, even before it has well begun. And, even when the process is successful, it takes much time to complete the figure.

Casting in a mold requires but little work, little time, little expense. And, if the mold be perfect, and capable of reproducing the statue wanted, it forms the desired figure quickly, easily, and gently — provided the material used does not resist the operation.

Mary, the great and unique mold of God, was made by the Holy Ghost to form the God-Man, the Man-God. In this mold none of the features of the Godhead is missing. Therefore, whatsoever is cast into it, and yields himself to the molding, receives all the features of Jesus Christ, our True God!

(Continued on Page Four)

GOD STRIKES BACK SOMETIMES — AND HOW!

(Under the caption "May God Have Mercy on Them," the following dramatic story appeared in the April issue of The Abbey Message of the Benedictine monks of Subiaco, Arkansas. It was translated from the German periodical, Konvent-Glocke aus Argentinien, of February, 1956.)

God is patient. He does not will the death of a sinner, but that he be converted and live.

Nevertheless, history records striking instances when divine justice has manifested itself on earth like a thunderbolt from heaven. In the orgy of persecution, desecration and blasphemy in Argentina that gave rise to the successful revolution against the Peron government last year, a number of incidents took place that in the popular mind revealed that the cup of divine anger had been filled to overflowing. A Benedictine monk of Los Toldos monastery in Argentina, a Swiss foundation, recently described in a letter the following events that particularly made a deep impression on the Argentine people.

Red Vestments

At the height of the persecution, a gang of professional criminals, hired by Peron, broke into the residence of the Cardinal Archbishop of Buenos Aires, despite the fact that the place was supposedly under special police protection. The gangsters threw the bust of the Pope, all pictures and movable furniture out of the windows into the street. Then they poured naphtha on the floors and directed flame-throwers against the ceilings. All went up in flames, including the personal belongings of the Cardinal's assistants and servants — except some vestments belonging to the Prince of the Church and his auxiliary bishop Msgr. Tato.

One of the raiders put on the vestments and swaggered down the street. With blasphemous mockery, he mimicked the pontiff giving his blessing to the people. But in the murkiness created by rain and smoke he was mistaken by some of his companions.

There was a burst of bullets and the riddled body of the henchman fell to the street, purging the sacred vestments with his blood.

The End of a Rope

A truck was driving through the streets hauling goods stolen from churches and convents. From the rear of the vehicle the effigy of a priest hung suspended from a rope. Atop the pile of spoils were several thugs in high glee over their successful raid. One of these was vested in priestly garments with a rope around his neck. The rope was tied to a beam overhead. With the ghastly pantomime of a priest in death throes from hanging, he sought to entertain bystanders.

Suddenly, at an intersection another truck bore down at high speed. The driver caromed sharply to avoid a collision, crashed into a tree and turned over. No one was seriously hurt except the mocker with the rope around his neck. The impact had pulled it tight and he was found choked to death.

It became known later that the victim had delighted in the diabolical sport of lassoing sacred statues, wrenching them down from the altars and desecrating them amid volleys of fiendish curses.

Ignoble 400

The looting, murdering and desecration of churches that marked the brief but fierce persecution in Argentina was the work of a Gestapo-like organization of professional criminals hired by Peron to put teeth in his war upon the Church. On June 12th, 1955, this Gestapo surrounded the Cathedral in Buenos Aires while some 400 members of a Catholic Action group were inside. All 400 were thrown in jail.

When the Revolution gained the upper hand, a little more than 400 members of this same Gestapo determined to fight to the last. They retired to their headquarters in the capital city which they converted into an arsenal and a strongly fortified position, bristling with the latest automatic weapons.

A Dramatic End

The revolutionists sent an ultimatum, ordering the desperados to surrender within five hours. At the end of the time period, the besieged threw out into the street the dead body of a captured insurgent lieutenant and defied the ultimatum with heavy fire. The army of the Revolution brought up tanks and heavy guns and began to bombard the stronghold. Through the night the guns boomed. Fires broke out here and there, and spectators watched as the flames spread and began to race to the ends of the building.

Then, suddenly there was a thunderous roar as an ammunition storeroom exploded. Amid the debris that rained over the area were the torn limbs and bloody fragments of human bodies. Peron's Gestapo were no more.

Lord Have Mercy!

The evil power was broken and the people saw in the catastrophe the finger of God. These men had burned churches; now they were victims of fire. They had trapped and jailed the 400 Catholic Action youth; now their own headquarters had become their prison and death trap, and in a single blow, like a thunderbolt from heaven, they passed into eternity. While the Christian people prayed for the infinite mercy of God upon the souls of those destroyed, this manifestation of the terror and might of the punishment of divine justice was indelibly seared into their memories.



"Friendly Monster"

By
Rev. John T. Callahan

Our friendly monster does not go around eating young maidens. But it does breathe fire. The Monster, as it is known, is a 1936 Chevrolet engine that lay rusting and rusting in some neighboring fields for a period of years. The boys from St. Goupil's salvaged it and brought it home to our basement dormitory over a year ago. During the winter it was completely dismantled and painstakingly freed of its armor of rust. Then the job came to start re-assembling it and putting the pieces together again.

The monster, as it now stands, after having gobbled its way through thirty cords of wood, is purring with a Dodge carburetor, unidentified radiator, a gallon maple syrup can for a gas tank, a dining room light switch for ignition, and a door bell button for a starter button! A piece of plywood, it was found, makes an excellent block for oil.

Friends supplied some gaskets and exhaust valves that had been so badly rusted that they were no longer useful. Spare planking provided the frame somewhat in the form of a stone boat. The Combermere air is periodically rent by its chuckling and chortling without benefit of cut-out.

St. George did not have to be summoned, but the Monster was blessed by a priest.

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WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

How many of us turn to the theological virtues for strength, endurance, courage, and spiritual growth in this world that has lost all sense of direction?

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.

Three words. Three keys to happiness here and hereafter. Three flaming answers to all our needs. Simple, limpid, clear, understandable to a child. Profound. Deep. Infinite. Holding within their context all of God and man.

FAITH — the foundation of our spiritual life, for it unites us to God and makes us share in His thoughts and His life. By it the light of God becomes our light . . . His wisdom our wisdom . . . His knowledge our knowledge . . . His spirit our spirit . . . His life our life.

We who walk in the stygian darkness of our days, children of a lost generation, and lost ourselves in the midst of the jungles of conflicting thoughts, ways, and ideals — how we need God's light. How we need God's wisdom to find our way out of the maze this century places us in! How we have to partake of His life — not to lose ours! How we need His spirit to guide us!

Faith is the supreme gift of the Lord! It is to be asked for in infinite humility, on our knees, or prostrated before Him. And if that gift of infinite value is already ours — then we should beseech God ceaselessly to increase it, so that by it we may indeed move the mountains that surround us, that crush us — the mountains of false ideas, and of idols that bar our way to His light, which alone can restore us to sanity.

LORD I BELIEVE . . . HELP THOU MY UNBELIEF!

HOPE makes us desire God — our highest good. Hope gives efficacy to our halting prayers . . . fructifies our activity . . . lifts us ever higher, despite our earth-boundness, and unites us to God. In it, and in Faith, we see the things of earth and of heaven AS THEY REALLY ARE — with the eyes of God — then we shall understand the reason why all things of earth, even the best, do not satiate our hearts. They lack permanence . . . and they lack perfection!

Then too we shall know that OUR HEARTS HAVE BEEN CREATED FOR GOD, AND ONLY IN HIM WILL THEY FIND REST . . . FOR HE IS HE WHO IS ALWAYS . . . PERFECT AND ALL BEAUTIFUL.

Then and only then shall we be able to "see" in our darkness . . . and to find the right way, the way of perfect joy and peace . . . for we shall then enter into the possession of Charity, whose other name is Love!

CHARITY — the third, the most perfect theological virtue is reached by FAITH AND HOPE. It will remain with us after death. We shall have no need of Faith — beholding God. And Hope will have been fulfilled. Charity never dies.

CHARITY — will inflame our hearts with love of God now . . . and clothe Faith with the flesh of love. Arising, we shall seek God and find Him in our neighbor. We shall set about to prove our Love for Him . . . by loving this neighbor. Then indeed shall the Kingdom of God be upon us . . . even on this earth. Darkness will become light . . . unrest peace . . . and we shall know the Way — Christ the Lord — and walk it unafraid. For perfect love casts out all fears.

If we begin truly to BELIEVE AND HOPE AND LOVE . . . the world will see, and follow. And it, and we, will be restored to God! Our joy will have no end. AND IT WILL BEGIN NOW!

OH LET US PRAY FOR FAITH . . . FOR HOPE . . . AND FOR CHARITY . . . LEST WE PERISH!



EDDIES OF 1956

By Eddie Doherty

"Stoop, Romans, stoop," my legal friend said, "and let us bathe our hands in Stalin's blood."

Shakespeare had said "Caesar's blood"; but if my pal wanted to make it Stalin's, that was all right for me. I did think, though, that he was a bit too late to do anything about Bolshevik Joe's split red ink.

"So are we Stalin's friends," he went on, "that have abridged his time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop, and let us bathe our hands in Stalin's blood up to the elbows, and besmear our swords: then walk we forth, even to the market place, and waving our red weapons o'er our heads, let's all cry 'Peace, freedom, and liberty!'"

Fish Can't Dive

I was watching fish jump up out of the brown-gray water of Lake Worth. What was the matter with them? Had they swallowed too many Mexican jumping beans? Were they escaping enemies below the surface? Were they related to the flying fish? Were they just having fun?

Invariably they leaped up in a sort of arc. But when they got to the top of the arc they turned this way, or that, and fell back into the water on the right side or the left. Never did any fish complete the arc and land right, as he should, head first!

"Maybe I should teach those fish how to dive," I cut in on my friend's outspoken meditation and quotation.

He answered with another line from the play: "Be silent that you may hear."

I was silent, and somewhat perplexed. It was like my friend to quote poetry. Books of verse line the wide shelves of his mind, each tome opened to his inner eye, and ready to pour out, through his lips, its golden contents. But there seemed no reason for his quoting just now from Julius Caesar.

Two Hours To Lunch

We were in Florida. The sun was bright and warm. There was a gentle breeze. The coconut palms made a sort of music for us. We were somewhere between breakfast and dinner — or midday lunch. He had been reading the New York Times — delivered in Palm Beach that morning by air — and I had been thinking of writing a letter home.

My mind was full of such phrases as, "my principal job is to watch the ocean, or the lake . . . I am getting better all the time . . . Louise's kindness is unfailing . . . He not only brought me down here to this land of the Fountain of Youth, but also he sees to it that I want for nothing . . . The book we are writing together is getting better all the time too . . . When I get back to Combermere . . ."

I was silent and perplexed. The transition from the present and the future, into the far distant past, was confusing and confounding.

"There isn't a newspaper, or a magazine, in the land, worth reading, that isn't bothered about this Russian mystery—this assassination of Stalin's character by his friends," my friend continued, after some little time given to frowning thought. "Every editorial writer has a different idea about it. What's yours, for instance?"

Red Stalin's Red Ink

"It isn't an assassination," I said. "It's a confession. Bloody Joe's bloody playmates are, to my mind, just as guilty of his crimes as he was, because they profited by them, because they did nothing to stop or prevent them, because they even abetted them. But they hope the public will get the idea that Stalin was the only sinner among them, the big sinner who bullied all the saints, the lily-white Reds, into doing his wicked wicked will."

"And I also think they may get away with it. We are so stupid about the Russian Reds, and so complacent about their menace to us and all we hold dear and sacred."

"We're almost willing to let ourselves be fooled by them — so we may have 'peace in our times.' Peace is good — the peace that comes from God. But the peace bought by fear, by cowardice, by collusion or hope of material profit, is a peace that comes from hell."

"You remember Grover Cleveland's words to Germany? 'The United States is a country to which peace is not essential!' I think President Eisenhower should make that truth plain to the Kremlin coyotes ululating over the tomb of Stalin. Now what's your idea? And why Caesar?"

Murderer's Red Row

"These men," my friend said, trying to fold the Times in a too frisky wind, "these Russian monsters remind me of Brutus and Cassius and the other noble Romans who slew Caesar."

"Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead and live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him . . . but as he was ambitious, I slew him . . ."

"Caesar was a popular dictator. The men who killed him — to get him out of the way of their ambitions — had to blacken his character, if they could, so that the Romans would not tear them apart. Sly, crafty, cunning rogues, these murderers. They make themselves civic heroes!"

"I see Krushchev and Bulganin, and all the others in the Kremlin cast of characters, playing the same role!"

"You believe that Stalin didn't die a natural death? That his dear little Bolshevik friends and followers gave him poison, or tickled his hoop-like ribs with dirks and daggers?"

Open The Tomb

"I do," my friend said emphatically. "And I believe that if any band of citizens in Russia were to take Stalin's body out of the tomb, where it lies for public veneration, and have a proper post mortem performed, they would discover Stalin had been murdered."

"I believe too, firmly, that the men who murdered him fear that someday their crime will be discovered — and the Moscow mob will tear each one of them limb from limb. Unless, and here's the point, unless they are first made to see that Stalin, the murderer of millions, should have been murdered long ago."

"If they know what a despot Stalin was, and what a blessing to the world his death was, they might even thank his murderers for bathing their already bloody hands up to the elbows in his blood!"

"Degrading Stalin is necessary to keep his assassins firm in power — and to keep the God-fearing world in continuing jeopardy."

It may be so. I don't know. Do you?

Outer Circle

Letter No. 133

Just returned from a lecture trip to Detroit, and was once more surprised at the immense hunger of people for God and the things of God, and specifically about the true search for some answers that make sense — on which so many Catholic parents are embarking.

The trouble is that in this field of "answers" — there is a great confusion, and that young parents are usually ill equipped to find the RIGHT answers in the welter of thousands of books, lectures, television series, and radio answers to the so called problem of children from babyhood up and into adulthood.

Over and over again individuals and groups would ask me questions, after lectures, on these vital topics. Someone even suggested I start writing a book "Dear Parents" to follow up my series of letter writing books — like "Dear Bishop, Dear Seminarian, Dear Sister, etc. It is an idea, and if I have time I may try it."

Yet even now, as I think over all the questions asked me, I can see some broadly outlined answers coming up. For all life and living things and beings have their beginning and end in God. God is love. And where God is love is. (As I am never too tired to repeat.)

So the first answer to harrassed parents would be a double question. What role does God play in your life? How much do you really love Him, and one another? For marriage is a VOCATION, a call of God to two people to become one, found a home, beget, bear, and raise children; and, in this glorious and very hard vocation, become saints themselves and do all that is in their power to make saints of their children.

The greatest enemy of any vocation is a divided heart. Yet how many parents have a "whole heart," or put it another way, are wholeheartedly occupied, concerned, etc., about fulfilling this vocation of theirs, as it should be — by serving God through it?

If they were so concerned, problem children, problem youth, and marital problems, would almost vanish, and as the parents grow in holiness (love) WOULD VANISH INDEED.

What do I mean by a divided heart? I certainly do not mean adultery, nor obvious physical neglect of any marital or home duty. No. I simply mean — for instance — trying to straddle the unstraddleable. Serving God and

Mammon at the same time. Putting a premium on values that are secondary. Such values as money, power, position in the community, or social obligations real or imaginary.

Take money. Should the wife work to get that house on a better street? Or that TV set? Or help to pay for the car? Or should she be at home in a humbler street, content to live on whatever her husband earns? Not straining after any of the Joneses, or trying to impress anyone but God? Is it necessary to be president of this garden club, or vice-president of that sodality?

The young mother's vocation is home and children. Love seldom needs a vacation from the beloved. They are taken together. But you will say that mothers do get tired. True.

But could that tiredness be of "attitudes" of emotional immaturity that does not truly understand what love is, what a vocation is, where duty and joy meet in it?

Our beautiful land was built up by women just as much as by men. These women worked a thousand times harder than we, had many more children, lived in much more primitive ways. Yet theirs was a land of HOMES. Little juvenile delinquency was known. There was love and security for the growing children in a humble home where mother was always present doing what mother should be doing.

These women were happy doing these things. THEIR ATTITUDE WAS POSITIVE. It was not "doing chores." It was being a wife . . . a mother . . . the queen of a home. Today all this is lost. Because God is not truly first but second fiddle in homes.

It is much better to have time to tend a garden, than to spend it belonging to a Garden Club.

Just mentioning these few ideas, one can see that any argument MUST begin with the discussion not only of the parents themselves but their attitudes to such vital issues as home making, being home-bodies, and working at it intelligently and joyously.

Going deeper into their attitude, what is their final goal? Is it wealth and leisure, or is it sanctity?

Let us discuss the matter more fully in our outer circle letters. Why don't you write me what YOU think of it? Sincerely in His infinite Charity, — Catherine Doherty.

PRAYER FOR MOTORISTS

Grant me steady hand and watchful eye,
That no man shall be hurt as I pass by.
Thou gave life, and pray no act of mine
May take or mar that gift of Thine.
Shelter those, dear Lord, who bear me company
From the evils of fire and all calamity.
Teach me to use my ear for others' needs
Nor miss through love of speed
The beauty of Thy world; that thus I may
With joy and courtesy, go my way.

FLIGHT

The Catholic Church is to the soul what Radar is to the airplane; it prevents many souls from crashing on their flight to heaven.

—John Glade

TRIBUTE TO MARY

"I remember that when my mother died, I was twelve years of age or a little less. When I began to realize what I had lost, I went in my distress to an image of our Lady, and with many tears besought her to be a mother to me. Though I did this in my simplicity, I believe it was of some avail to me; for whenever I have commended myself to this Sovereign Virgin I have been conscious of her aid; and eventually she has brought me back to myself." — St. Teresa of Avila, 1515-1582, Life, Ch. I.

The Pope's Blessing

(Five years ago, in this paper, Catherine Doherty wrote an account of her audience with His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, in which the great pontiff gave her and hers his apostolic blessing. So many, many people have asked for copies of it, through those years, that we feel compelled to reprint it. It follows here.)

It happened! The impossible, that is. The impossible, the incredible. I HAD A PRIVATE AUDIENCE WITH HIS HOLINESS. Or almost a private one. There were, it is true, in the huge room, several other people—three couples and a priest. We stood far apart, and the pope spoke to each of us in turn. Privately. Intimately. Benignly. Like a father to his children.

There was in his face such love, such understanding, such interest, that I felt absolutely alone with him, and that — how incredible — he WAS interested in ME and what I had to say, what I said so haltingly at first, and so easily as his questions emboldened me.

Even now, as I write this — on a liner that pitches and rolls in rather heavy seas — I do not understand how it is that I got there.

Unknown Apostle

Castle Gondolfo is perched high on an Italian hill, and surrounded by the most beautiful gardens I have ever caught a glimpse of — looking through a window almost six feet high. It was there His Holiness received me — me an unknown apostle of Catholic Action from the Harlems of America and the rural areas of Canada. They seemed so far away that day, when I walked up . . . up . . . up . . . the beautifully curved marble stairway, and on through the many rooms of that palace filled with priceless treasures, age-old tapestries, and paintings by many masters.

Were those truly my footsteps that echoed so loudly through those immense halls? Was it I who stood finally, trembling and awed, in the long wide room where the pope was to hold his audiences? I KNOW IT WAS. But — how did I get there?

My saintly Bishop, the Most Reverend William J. Smith, of the Diocese of Pembroke, Ontario, who had delegated me officially to the Congress of Catholic Action Leaders, had also graciously given me a letter to the Papal Secretary of State, Monsignor Montini, asking that a papal interview be granted me. Yet he warned me I might not get it, for there would be many ahead of me. And there were.

Thousands of such letters as the bishop had written were on the desk of that busy Monsignor when the 1,200 delegates gathered.

Less Than Least

Among these delegates were holy people, great people, important people, men and women who had accomplished immense apostolic tasks for the glory of God and His Church. Surely, in such a crowd, I was less than the least. Yet I was doubly honored — first, by having a long interview with the Papal Secretary, the same Monsignor Montini, the busiest man in Rome. He found time graciously to show a deep interest in our humble apostolate of Madonna House. He also was responsible for the second great honor, the private audience with His Holiness.

This tremendous event took place on October 15th, 1951, at 10:45 a.m., the very day when I was leaving Rome. Strangely enough it marked the twenty-first anniversary of the founding of Friendship House, in Toronto. October 15th is the feast of St. Teresa of Avila, my old and beloved friend.

Forever, now, that day, that year, that hour, will be etched in my soul! Forever I will remember every second of it. Forever I will see every detail of it.

I stood in the long room, by an immense window, trembling with joy and awe. Ever since my childhood I have had a deep love for the Holy See — a love that made me pray daily for each representative of Christ, and very specially, in the past years, for the present pope. Somehow, I almost could feel the heavy load of the world's ills pressing on his slender shoulders.

Now . . . in a few instants I was going to see HIM!

Speechless Apostle

Tears dimmed my eyes. I started to say my Rosary to give myself some courage, for I felt sure I would not be able to speak a word. Love and respect would make me speechless. Dimly, as in a dream I noticed the blueness of the sky outside, the patches of

(Continued on Page Three)

THE POPE'S BLESSING

(Continued from Page Two)

sunshine on the intricate design (2 Peter 3:16). of the floor, the chamberlains moving swiftly and silently to and fro, the Monsignori in vivid colors hovering by a closed door. Then, suddenly the door opened, and a slender figure in white walked into the room. There was a radiance about him that filled the enormous room, and seemed to fill my heart—and stop it.

The Pope!

He talked to the first couple . . . then to the second . . . then to the priest. And then it was my turn! He asked my name . . . where I was born. Oh, I was Russian-Polish! And a delegate to the Congress! I represented Friendship House of the U.S.A. and Canada! We worked, I managed to say, with the Negroes, and also in the Rural Apostolate.

He repeated, "The Negroes in America."

His hand went to his heart; and bending his face a little to one side, he said again, "The Negroes . . . the Negroes in America! They are always in my heart . . . I pray for them much . . . always."

The Great Blessing

A second of silence, and then more questions about our Canadian Apostolate . . . and words of praise for it.

Then with a slight inclination of the head, the pope stepped backwards . . . and, opening his arms wide in the well-known gesture, he spoke again.

"I bless, through you, now, all who belong to you, all who work in your apostolate everywhere, all who ever did work in it, and all who ever shall, all those who help it, and especially those who help the Negroes in America."

Slow, beautiful, Latin words followed. And I understood then the real meaning of the word "unctuous." That is the way those Latin words "felt." Like oil on a wound. Soothing and healing. Like wine laced with spices. Fragrant and life-giving. Like the breath of the Holy Ghost lifting a soul upward, giving it new courage to live and die for God.

As the words of the blessing flowed over my bent head, I knew myself to be privileged beyond the telling. I knew too that all the pain, all the suffering, all the darkness that had filled the long, lonely years of our apostolate had vanished, leaving but the blinding light of the graces that were ours because of it.

Part Of The Whole

It seems trite to say that I felt renewed in spirit, in strength, in love. But I did. And I also knew that every Staff Worker, Volunteers, and friend of Friendship House in the past, the present, and the future, all the good priests who stood by us and helped us, and all the members of the hierarchy who made our apostolate possible were there at that holy moment, receiving the blessing with me. I was but a part of the whole that is Friendship House. Nothing more.

With us also at that moment, were all the little ones of Christ, those we have the privilege of serving, the forgotten ones, the have-nots, the poor — multitudes of them. And the Negroes of America were standing in front of all, still hungry for justice. All were there, receiving this FATHERLY BLESSING . . . THIS BLESSING FROM CHRIST'S OWN REPRESENTATIVE . . . THIS BLESSING FILLED WITH SO MUCH LOVE! My heart began to sing an Alleluia, that will, I think, never end.

The Latin words ceased. I lifted a tear-stained face, and arose from my knees. His Holiness touched my head with his hand, then gave me a little holy medal, bowed, and moved on. I could not move. I thought I never could. Yet, somehow, I passed through the endless beautiful rooms. Somehow I got down the lovely marble stairs . . . out into the open . . . down a winding hill . . . and back to Rome. Yet part of me will always remain at the feet of His Holiness . . . in silent gratitude and in an immense love!

COURAGE

Courage is not just
To bare one's bosom to the sabre
thrust
Alone in daring.

Courage is to grieve,
To hide the hurt and make the
world believe
You are not caring.

Courage does not die
Alone in dying for a cause.
To die
Is only giving.

Courage is to feel
The daily daggers of relentless
strife
And keep on living.

THE B's CORNER

I have just finished a wonderful book, MEDICAL GUIDE TO VOCATIONS by Rene Biot, M.D., and Pierre Galimare, M.D., translated from the French, and published by the Newman Press. The book is thoroughly Catholic, and should be on the table of every novice mistress and master, and various other superiors of religious orders and lay apostolates.

It clarified for me many things I have been observing and recording for the past 25 years. During this time more than 10,000 young people passed through my hands. Many were former seminarians and novices. Some had been nuns. Others were of our own apostolate, to which youth flocks in droves either to spend some time with us as Volunteers, observers, or "probationers."

Emotional Ages

In our days of vocational need that press the Church on all sides, many vocations are lost because we do not evaluate our subjects as whole people — especially as to their emotional ages. For it is quite possible to be 25, have a Ph.D., and be emotionally around 12 or 14.

Emotional immaturity causes a thousand conflicts within an individual. A little patience, much understanding of human nature, and maybe a check-up by a qualified doctor or psychiatrist, and the lost vocation is found again. Neurosis — the disease of the century — in, its mild form, just that — EMOTIONAL IMMATURITY.

What contributes to it? That would make a wonderful study for those interested in vocations — and in parishioners. And it would lighten the burden of a parish priest and his assistants a hundredfold if they did their share in breaking the vicious circle responsible for most of this emotional immaturity, which has its birth IN THE HOME.

Perhaps it would be better to substitute the word LOVE for home. For it is love and the security it gives that makes the child a healthy (emotionally speaking) individual. Where parents love each other, where there is the peace of love and of God in the home, where God takes first place, there a child will grow into a healthy individual, mentally, emotionally, and probably physically. And the parish and the religious orders, as well as the community at large will benefit enormously.

Love And Maturity

LOVE AND SECURITY are synonymous. Where there is LOVE . . . THERE ALWAYS IS SECURITY. But when love is spoken of it has to be defined. It must be mature, certain, ingenious, watchful, delicate, without fears. Otherwise it is not love but a tragic substitute.

Take parents who are possessive, who will "not let go," who blanch at the idea of their daughter's becoming a nun, their son a priest or a brother, who fear their children will marry "early," and thus "desert" poor mom and pop! Such parents cause the neuroses of their children. By the time the kids grow up those neuroses will be "full blown," and will ruin them — unless they are lucky enough to encounter some heart that understands.

How many guilty complexes were begotten from a misunderstood sense of duty that chained young people to parents! How often did they wish they had never seen the inside of college dorms! Half their lives have been spent listening to what they owe their parents for their education! Some parents imply they slaved and mortgaged their very roofs just to give their children "the very best."

Did they have to do it? Were they driven by their ambitions, or by the mistaken idea that a manual job is socially unacceptable? What sort of jobs did they have before they came into wealth?

A child is proud of his father whether he be a truck driver, a carpenter, or a banker. Why, by implication, let him believe he must have something better? Is it better? If so, why? Because everyone feels that way? How does God feel about it?

Five Guides

Of course no generalization is possible, for each case is unique. Yet there are guides I love to remember. If applied to our modern life, they would cut neuroses by more than half.

They are as follows: 1. For the privilege of being man and wife, with all the joys and prerogatives that apply to this holy vocation, we must beget, bear, and rear children for the honour and glory of God, our sanctification, and theirs.

2. Parents owe their children the gift of life, food, shelter, clothing, and EDUCATION, ACCORDING TO THEIR STATE IN LIFE AND THEIR FINANCIAL

STANDING, plus of course that intangible formation of character that is the product of a Christian home. They have been loaned these children by God, to give them back to Him — saints of heaven. Therefore "education" primarily includes everything that will make them KNOW, LOVE, AND SERVE GOD BETTER.

3. The child owes the parents nothing for FOOD, SHELTER, CLOTHING, EDUCATION. But he owes everything for the gift of life. Until maturity and coming of age he owes obedience. Always he must listen respectfully and carefully to the advice of his parents, for they have a special grace to advise their children. IF AND WHEN parents are destitute or are ill and helpless, the child repays the gift of life even by laying down his life. But ONLY THEN.

4. Parents must understand they do not "possess" their children. God does. And woe to the father or mother who interferes with vocations, especially religious ones. For they reject God for a son-in-law.

5. Briefly, WE REAR OUR CHILDREN IN ORDER TO LET GO OF THEM, AND TO LET THEM GO FORTH FROM US THAT THEY MAY EMBRACE THAT VOCATION GOD CALLS THEM TO.

Pray for our youth, who are what they are because their elders have not been what they should be. Pray that those responsible for lost vocations will make true amends. Lord have mercy on us.

GOOD-BYE DEAREST

A priest living in Madonna House recently received a copy of this letter written by a young Catholic, George B. J. Shepherd, to the girl he loved. We print it here not only because it is a dramatic love letter, but also because it is a wonderful Catholic letter. It was dated December 12, 1955, 1 o'clock p.m., the feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

"Dearest: I've been marooned here for 3/4 of an hour now — it's blizzarding — so bad that you can't see beyond the front of the car. It was all right when I left Springfield — blowing a bit but visibility was good. I'm about 5 miles from Kerobert I think but don't know for sure — doesn't matter much anyway because you'd never last long enough to make even a mile outside. I've got just about 1/2 a tank of gas left and if it holds out long enough I'll be O.K. if not — that's why I'm writing this note — just in case."

"I want you to know that I love you with all my heart and soul. If it is God's will that I am to die this way then may His Holy Will be done. My only regret is losing you. But then it will be an indication that our marriage was never meant to be. Don't grieve for me — I got to Mass and Communion yesterday so I'll die in the state of grace. This way I'm sure of getting to heaven eventually. I want you to keep the engagement ring as a souvenir of me and also the wedding ring. All my insurance is payable to Dad so I want him to clear up all my debts with it — get the wedding ring from MacKenzie after he's cleared the account and give it to you. Please keep them both and think of me once in a while. Your Christmas present is in my suitcase — I hope you like it."

"Thank God I got the muffler fixed — or I'd had it by now. Somehow I'm not afraid to die — just hate to leave you but as I said don't worry too much and maybe you'll find someone worthy of you one of these fine days. I always said it was too good to be true — getting you for a wife — that is; and guess I was more right than I knew. You see you really are my dream girl in every way so at least I can die happy in the thought that you really do exist and I got to meet you."

"Say goodbye to Mom and Dad, Eileen, Ted, Kay, Hugh, and Dudley for me. I'll never be able to thank Dad and Mom enough for all they've done for me or repay them for all the trouble I've caused them. Ted, Eileen, and Kay have been the swellest brother and sisters a guy could have, and Dudley — a guy just couldn't have a better uncle. Thank Marg and Joe for their many kindnesses to me — Joe's Christmas present, a flask, is in the back of the car somewhere. Buy something for Eileen for me just as we'd planned and, if you have any money left, some little thing for the twins. Sorry we're going to miss the cabaret — I was looking forward to being there with you."

"Guess that's about it for this farewell note. You'll never see it if I come out O.K. so maybe I've just wasted the time. But whatever you do — remember I'll always love you."

"All my love — George."

COMBERMERE DIARY

Spring arrived late this year. The middle of May found us still contending with frost in the ground for post holes and garden chores. But after our holidays we were equal to the task.

Ray Fecteau investigated the eastern part of the United States, while Trudi Cortens did western Canada. And Elsie Whitty, our Scottish nurse, toured New Scotland, known as Nova Scotia. From her stories of the hospitality, the kindness and the deep sense of the Catholic faith that exists in the Maritimes, she made us all start thinking of vacations in that part of the country! Laurette Patenaude visited the Shrines of St. Anne de Beaupre and Our Lady of the Cape.

I Promise Thee

Our family has increased by 200 baby chicks, 12 baby rabbits, 3 kittens; and 6 shoats.

One of the most memorable events since we last went to press was the liturgical engagement of Phil Larkin to Miss Ann Hird, which took place on Saturday, April 21st. Many of us had never seen the ceremony before, and we listened with deep interest as the priest bid the couple to join their right hands.

We heard Phil say, "In the name of our Lord I promise that I will one day take thee as my wife according to the ordinances of God and Holy Church. I will love thee even as myself. I will keep faith and loyalty to thee, and so in thy necessities aid and comfort thee; which things, and all that a man ought to do unto his espoused, I promise to do unto thee and to keep by the faith that is in me."

And Ann replied, "In the name of our Lord, I, in the form and manner wherein thou hast promised thyself unto me, do declare and affirm that I will then today bind and oblige myself unto thee, and will take thee as my husband. And all that thou hast pledged unto me, I promise to do and keep unto thee, by the faith that is in me."

They Kiss—The Book!

The priest took the two ends of his stole, and in the form of a cross, placed them over their clasped hands saying, "I bear witness of your solemn proposal and I declare thee betrothed." Then he blessed the engagement ring, which Phil took and placed first on the index finger of the left hand saying, "In the name of the Father," then on the middle finger adding, "And of the Son," and finally placing and leaving it on the ring finger and saying, "And of the Holy Ghost." Then the missal was opened at the beginning of the Canon and the page imprinted with the crucifixion was offered to be kissed first by Phil and then by Ann.

Finally after some passages from Sacred Scripture, Father extended his hands over their heads and said, "May God bless your bodies and your souls. May He shed His blessings upon you as He blessed Abraham, Isaac, and Joseph. May the hand of the Lord be upon you. May He send His Holy Angel to guard you all the days of your life. Amen. Go in peace."

P.S.—It will be a June wedding.

To Nothingness

By Lucille Dupuis

Thoughts are filled with light and dark;
Thoughts are filled with sound and stillness;
Thoughts are not when life evades us;
Thoughts begotten by a word, a shadow;
Thoughts persist when all is ended.
Be still my mind—be still.

Think now not of yesterday or of tomorrow but of the instant.

Remain a while in eternal nothingness.
Remain only to be filled.
Cherish this abyss hewed for you.

Be still, mind, heart, and will.
Remember only your beginning and your end.

Become the docile one who waits.

Become the peaceful one.
You soon will have all—
All He Himself gives.
The giving of the Fullest
To Nothingness!



Miss Elsie Whitty, Madonna House nurse whose duty often takes her to the homes of sick neighbors, finds life in Canada even more exciting than in her native Scotland. She's more than a nurse here too; she's a Staff Worker. (Photo by Lecoz)

THE NAME OF OUR DESIRE

By Jose de Vinck

ALONG THE MOVING PATHS OF EVERY SEA, IN RAGING STORMS OR WINDLESS CALM, IN THE BLAZING SUN OR UNDER DISTANT STARS, THE MARINERS FOLLOWED THE SONG OF THE SIRENS . . . AND THEY DROWNED. WE ALSO HAVE SUCH DREAMS OF SWEET AND SILENT PARADISE, OF A GREEN DEPTH OF DELIGHT, AND WE SET SAIL ALAS, FOR DISTANT ISLES, AND WITH POUNDING HEARTS AND WIDE, AMAZED EYES, WE DROWN AS THE MARINERS OF OLD, WITHOUT HAVING BEEN TOLD THE NAME OF OUR DESIRE.

WE TOO OFTEN BELIEVE THAT HAPPINESS AND PEACE ARE JUST BEYOND THE BLUEST RANGE OF MOUNTAINS, AND BECAUSE OUR HEART IS WANDERING, AND BECAUSE OUR SPIRIT IS A SPIRIT OF UNREST, WE LEAVE THE SAFE REFUGE OF EVEN DAYS AND STRETCH OUR WINGS TO FOLLOW THE WILD GOOSE, OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY . . . ALAS, BEYOND THE HILLS ARE OTHER HILLS AND SEAS UNCOUNTED. AFTER MANY LABORS AND AFTER MANY DAYS, WE FIND OURSELVES AGAIN IN OUR FAMILIAR VOID, AND STILL WE DO NOT KNOW THE NAME OF OUR DESIRE.

SO OFF WE GO TO PLUMB THE DEPTHS OF LIFE, SEEKING SOME FOOD FOR WHAT WE CANNOT KILL, SEEKING IN ALL THE CITIES OF THE WORLD THE ECSTASY THAT WOULD BE ALL IN ALL, DOWN IN THE FOLDS OF OUR INSTINCTIVE BODIES, WE DELVE AND DIVE AND DROWN AND DROWN AGAIN UNTIL WE SINK INTO THE DARKNESS OF DESPAIR.

"O LIFE, WHERE IS THY BEAUTY? WHAT OF THY WORDS AND PROMISES SO FAIR? WHERE IS THE ALL-ENFOLDING PASSION THAT QUENCHES THIRST AND STILLS IMMORTAL HUNGER?" ALAS, WE DO NOT EVEN KNOW THE NAME OF OUR DESIRE.

AND ALL THE WHILE, ALONG THE SUN'S BRIGHT GLORY, ALONG THE SILENT WONDERS OF THE MOON, THERE BREATHES ONE WHOSE NAME IS LOVE, THE LONG-FORGOTTEN NAME OF OUR DESIRE.

"O LORD OF SEAS AND MOUNTAINS, O LORD OF LOVE, HAVE PITY ON US WHO CRY TO THEE. PERHAPS THE WAYS OF OUR SEARCH WERE STRANGE AND TORTURED; OFTEN AND MOST UNWISELY DID WE SIN. BUT EVEN THOUGH WE DID BELIEVE IN OTHER LOVES THAN THINE, WHAT IS LOVE OUTSIDE OF THEE? BEYOND THE SEAS, OVER THE MOUNTAINS, MORE THAN THE HUMBLE WARMTH OF HUMAN FLESH, WAS IT NOT THEE, O LORD, THAT WE WERE SEEKING? DIDST THOU NOT HIDE AMONG THE EARTHLY SPLENDORS, AND DID WE NOT, IN OUR CLUMSY WAY, GIVE OUR HEART TO THEE? BUT NOW, O LORD, THAT THOU HAST SPOKEN, NOW THAT WE KNOW THE NAME OF OUR DESIRE, INFLAME OUR FRAGILE HEART, CLUTCH IT BETWEEN THY GOLDEN CLAWS AND LIFT US, TREMBLING, TO THE SPLENDOR OF THY LOVE."

LOOKS AT BOOKS

By R. E. B.

THE LIFE OF LITTLE SAINT PLACID, by Mother Genevieve Gallois, O.S.B., foreword by Marcelle Auclair, translated by the monks of Mount Savior Monastery, Pantheon Books Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Available in Canada from McClelland & Stewart Ltd., Toronto 16, Ontario.

This small book is made up of one hundred and four drawings accompanied by terse, simple, direct explanations, through which the life of Saint Placid, his entrance into the Monastery, his spiritual development and death, are strikingly portrayed.

Little Saint Placid grew in sanctity, with his eyes wide open to the joys of nature and of the monastic life, at the time of Saint Benedict and under his strong, paternal guidance. But this attractive account is not the life of Saint Placid alone. It could be the life of any monk who is completely surrendered and dedicated, it could be the life of any one of us, for it contains within its modest pages the main principles of supernatural growth, forcefully illustrated.

The drawings and texts are delightful, but, more important that the delight they offer the eye and the imagination, is the nourishing meat set before the soul. "Know, O Placid, that the interior life is one which is interior." "My son, the true apostolate is not what one SAYS, but what one IS." What is the monastic life for Little Placid? It is a great mass of joy and Little Placid's in it over his head, because God is his food. "My son, prayer is spending your life passing into My life."

There is joy in this small book, truth, strength and love. Highly recommended for meditative spiritual reading for all, priests, sisters, layfolk, that all may be "swept away by that tremendous torrent of Divine Life."

SEEK FOR A HERO, by Wm. G. Schofield, published by P. J. Kennedy, also McClelland & Stewart, \$4.50 in Canada. Reading this biography of the Irish-American patriot and newspaperman, one wonders if the prisons in England are still as dreadful as they were a hundred years or so ago. The hero is, of course, John Boyle O'Reilly, a Fenian spy who enlisted in a British regiment so that he might disorganize it at the right time. He was condemned at first to death, after the mockery of a trial. Later this sentence was softened — if that is the right word — to twenty years at hard labor. And it was very hard.

Through this narrative one is confirmed in the belief that a nation that punishes offenders as mercilessly as O'Reilly was treated really punishes itself. A prisoner may become a hero or a saint under brutality and senseless cruelty. But the senseless brute grows only more brutal and more cruel.

TREASURE UNTOLD, by Rev. Albert J. Shamon, published by Newman Press, \$3.50 in the U.S.A. The title is taken from a quatrain by William Cowper—which might aptly describe the contents: "Religion . . . treasure untold" . . . Fr. Shamon herein gives us some reflections on The Apostles' Creed. And he warns us that this book is for serious thinkers. "Now pay strict attention, for I am going to do some polysyllabic reasoning."

COOKING WITH MARY

How much we miss in fun, taste, adventure, and economy in by-passing yeast-raised dough and all the wondrous things one can make with it!

For some unearthly reason the modern housewife considers yeast dough, and all that goes with it, first a mystery, secondly a chore. Nothing could be further from the truth. It is less a chore than many elaborate dishes, and there is no mystery attached to it nowadays, because of the new fast raising yeasts, and the perfectly timed electrical or gas ranges. In fact it is a cinch to dazzle the family with many new variations on an old theme, and to bring into the modern home that good homey nostalgic smell of newly baked yeast dough, which sharpens appetites even before one sees the finished product itself.

Take a Yeast-dough Meat Pie with rich gravy . . . Yummm . . . good. Make it, say, for a family of four.

Two fast raising yeast envelopes (Fleishman is best)

1/2 a cup of LUKE WARM water

2 teaspoons of granulated sugar.

First stir sugar in lukewarm water until sugar is well dissolved. Then add yeast. Add by sprinkling. Don't mix. Let stand ten minutes. In the meantime: Heat 2 3/4 cups of milk (no water) to scalding temperature. Add—1/2 cup of granulated sugar

1/2 cup of shortening, or any other fat you prefer (or have on hand)

1/4 teaspoon of salt

Mix yeast mixture with second mixture and work into this combined liquid 4 cups of sifted ordinary white flour.

Beat well until dough is elastic and smooth. Add ABOUT 2 to 3 cups more of white sifted flour. Put on board and knead until flour is well mixed and dough soft and elastic again. It takes only a few minutes, really.

Then put into greased dish and let raise until double its original size. Keep it in a warm place in your kitchen, away from drafts. Usually it will rise enough in an hour. Then take half of your dough. Flour table or bread board well and ROLL DOUGH OUT WITH ROLLING PIN. At first it will sort of stretch, and you may think you are not getting anywhere. Just press harder on the rolling pin and make of the dough a nice square — big enough to fit into the baking pan you want for the occasion (you know your family's appetites!) and enough to cover over.

For what you have in mind is a MEAT PIE . . . Remember.

O.K. So you rolled your dough over. It is a nice good square of orderly shape. Now you take the meat. Best for this is left-overs of beef that have been ground through a machine, ground through it WITH TWO RAW ONIONS and then seasoned to taste with salt and pepper. (I add just a pinch of paprika, and sage.)

Now you lay out this meat mixture on HALF OF YOUR SQUARE OF ROLLED OUT DOUGH . . . THEN COVER IT WITH THE OTHER HALF, AND PINCH SIDES ALL AROUND NICELY. PUT INTO GREASED BAKING DISH AND SMEAR THE TOP WITH SOME MELTED BUTTER (MARGARINE). Put into oven and bake at 300 degs. for ONE hour. Serve piping hot with the following gravy:

Four finely chopped onions, browned.

1 can of celery soup.

Salt, pepper, sage and paprika to taste.

If this gravy is a wee bit too thick for you, add water.

Some dough may have remained. Make buns with it. Usually though, everyone asks for a second helping. That meat pie is good cold too, for school lunches.

YUKON TRAVEL

(Continued from Page One)

of the school. It is from him that we hear of the death of Father Fleury, his predecessor.

"Father was invited to conduct a triduum at Our Lady of Lourdes Mission at Cassiar. That meant a trip of 65 miles over roads that are often impassable. Father Fleury hadn't been well for some time, but was convinced that the spiritual needs of the miners was of primary importance. Shortly after lunch he set out alone in his station wagon. A few hours later, the mounted police came with word that Father was involved in a head-on collision with a Transport Truck . . . and that he died almost instantly. Pray for him."

After dinner, we are introduced to Father Arsenaux and Bro. Soucey, both members of the School Staff. Our chauffeur for the next jaunt over the Alaska Highway is Bro. Fallu, a tall bronzed French-Canadian sporting a brush-cut and a disarming smile.



Miss Mamie Legris, director of Maryhouse, at Whitehorse, Yukon, seen here with some of her Indian friends, will be in Ontario during this summer, and will be available for lectures and talks.

One Killed Here

The highway, a gravel road built in the early forties by the U.S. army, is now maintained by the Canadian army. Driving on it, we find, is another new experience. Transport truck and cars ahead of us leave columns of dust in their wake that often lowers the visibility so that we are required to use our headlights even in the strong sunlight. A sign post reads "Gear Down — Steep Hill" . . . and again, "One Killed Here—1951." We are now nearing our destination . . . Upper Liard, Y.T., Mile Post 642.

A trim, white church suddenly appears on the horizon. "That man painting the Church steps is Father Guilbaud," says our guide. "He is just putting the finishing touches to the mission." Father Guilbaud, O.M.I., is a snowy haired, sun-burnt man who spent several long years in the concentration camps in Nazi-Germany previous to his ordination.

After a quick tour of the nearby Indian village, we arrive at Watson Lake, where a chartered bush-plane is waiting to take us to Atlin. Our view for the next 200 miles is a glorious vista of snow-capped coastal mountains interlaced with turquoise waters and sea-green forests.

Fr. M. Bobillier, O.M.I., is there to greet us. In Fr. "Bob" we recognize another pioneer missionary whose oblation to Mary Immaculate began twenty years ago on the altars of the Yukon. His mission of St. Joseph overlooks Atlin Lake, ninety miles long and seven miles across. All the mountain beauty of our 1400 mile trip seems to come to a focus here in Canada's "Little Switzerland."

My! Oh My!

"The Rectory," Father Bob tells us, "burnt to the ground on March 3rd . . . together with all my personal belonging . . . and a good part of my church supplies. It was cold that night . . . maybe 20 below. I was visiting a family nearby. At midnight one of the parishioners came to tell us the rectory was a mass of flames. One of the native boys, thinking I was asleep in my room, broke through a window to rescue me."

"My, oh My! The painted walls of the Church, only a few yards away, began to blister. The fire pump could not be used because the 5-foot of ice on the lake was covered with snow-drifts, some as high as seven feet. A bulldozer began to heave snow against the side of the Church nearest the fire. Then it turned and began to shove drifted snow on the burning ruins of the rectory."

"The Cat operator didn't know that there was a full cellar underneath the house. Someone hollered to him. Another 10 inches and he would have surely disappeared through the floor of the building."

"Do you know of anyone who would like to honor St. Joseph with a donation?"

Laborers Wanted!

"I have to hurry with my new house before the snow flies again. I am afraid your trip to Telegraph Creek will have to be postponed. The heavy fog in the mountain passes makes travel by bush-plane too risky. Father Cannon and Father Doetzel have been waiting for two weeks for the weather to clear. Several of their people have to go to the doctor in Whitehorse. Anyway I'll be glad to take you to Whitehorse . . . if you don't mind riding 165 miles in a half ton truck!"

Mass and breakfast back at Maryhouse!

The words of Christ, spoken in a tiny hamlet on the other side of the world, take on a deep significance:

"The harvest is plentiful enough, but the laborers are few; you must ask the Lord to whom the harvest belongs to send laborers out for the harvesting."

THE SECRET OF MARY

(Continued from Page One)

Trust Mary, Not Self

The work is done gently, in a manner that allows for human weaknesses, without much pain or labor. It is done skillfully, and with certainty. There can be no illusion here; for where Mary is, the devil is not, never has been, never will be. It is done in a holy manner, without a shadow of the least stain of sin.

What a difference there is between a soul formed in Christ by the ordinary ways of those who, like the sculptor, trust in their own ingenuity and skill, and a soul which, without trusting itself, is molded by the Holy Ghost in the mold of Mary!

How many defects and imperfections one will show. How pure and heavenly will be the other; and how Christlike!

There never was a creature in whom God is so highly exalted, within and without Himself, as He is in the most blessed Virgin Mary. Mary is the paradise of God, the inexpressibly beautiful world into which the Son of God has come to work His wonders. He watches over this world even as He takes His delight in it.

God's World — Mary

He has made a world for us, the one in which we live. He has also made Heaven for us, the world we shall enter in our glorified state. He has made one world for Himself — Mary!

This world, Mary, is unknown to most of us here below. It is incomprehensible even to the saints and angels. They, seeing God so highly exalted above them all, and so deeply hidden in Mary, His Own world, cry unendingly, "Holy, Holy, Holy!"

Fortunate and happy, incredibly happy, is the soul to which the Holy Ghost reveals the Secret of Mary in order that it may come to know her. To that soul the Paraclete opens the "Garden Enclosed." He permits it to drink deep draughts of the living waters of grace from the "Fountain Sealed!" That soul will find God alone in this, His most glorious garden. It will find God infinitely holy and exalted yet adapting Himself to the weaknesses of the soul.

God is everywhere; but nowhere is He closer to us, and more adapted to our humanity, than in Mary. It was to make Himself nearer and dearer to us that He came to dwell in her.

Bread Of The Little

Everywhere else He is the Bread of the strong, the Bread of the angels. In Mary He is the Bread of the little ones.

How could anyone think that Mary, merely because she is a creature, could in any way impede or hinder our union with the Creator?

It is no longer Mary who lives. It is Jesus Christ, it is God alone, Who lives in her. Her transformation into God surpasses that of St. Paul and all the other saints more than the heavens surpass in height the highest mountains on the earth. Mary is made for God alone. Far from keeping any soul in herself, she casts each one upon God. And, the more perfectly a soul is united to her, the more perfectly does she unite it to her Father, her Spouse, and her Son.

Mary is the wonderful echo of God. When we say "Mary," she answers "God." When, with St. Elizabeth, we call her "Blessed," she magnifies the Lord.

Once we have found Mary we may find Jesus through her. Through Jesus we can find the Father. Hence, through Mary, we shall find all good — all good without exception, all grace, all love, all truth, all comfort, all joy, all courage, all safety from the enemies of God.

Blessed Crosses

It does not follow that one who has found Mary will be exempt from the carrying of crosses. On the contrary, he will be blessed with more sufferings than are given others!

Mary gives her children portions of the Tree of Life, which is the cross of Jesus. But she also gives her loved ones the grace to carry their crosses patiently, even cheerfully. The crosses she lays on those belonging to her are redolent of sweetness.

If, for a time, her children feel they have inherited a cup of bitterness, which they must drink if they would indeed be friends of God, they should realize that the good Mother also lets them drink of the chalice of consolation and of joy; and so they are given strength to carry heavier and more painful crosses.

To find abundant grace then, one must first find Mary.

Of course, God, being the absolute master, can confer all graces directly through Himself; and, sometimes, perhaps, He does so. But usually He transmits them only through Mary.

St. Thomas teaches that God ordinarily reveals Himself to men, in the order of grace established by Divine Wisdom, only through Mary. Therefore, if we would go up to Him and be united with Him we must use the same means He used to come down to us to be made man and to impart His graces to us.

A True Devotion

The means we must use? A true devotion to Our Blessed Lady!

There are several true devotions to Our Lady. The first consists in fulfilling our Christian duties, avoiding mortal sin, acting out of love rather than through fear, praying to Our Lady, and honoring her as the Mother of God — this without any "special" devotion to her.

The second consists in rendering Our Lady more perfect love and esteem, giving her more confidence and veneration. This leads one to join associations or sodalities connected with the Rosary or the Scapular, to recite one or more Rosaries daily, to honor her pictures and statues and altars, or to make her better known.

This devotion is good, holy, and deserving of praise, provided we keep ourselves in a state of grace and free from sin; but it takes up only part of one's time.

It is not so good as the next, nor so efficient in detaching our souls from worldly things — or from our own selves — in order that we may be united to Jesus Christ.

The Real Devotion

The third devotion to Our Lady, not known to many and practiced by few, consists in giving oneself entirely, as a slave, to Mary; and to Jesus through Mary; and to do everything through Mary, with Mary, in Mary, and for Mary!

We should choose a special feast-day, one dear to Our Lady, on which to give, consecrate, and sacrifice ourselves voluntarily to her. We should make the offering of ourselves lovingly, without constraint, without any reserve. We

should put into her eternal keeping our body and soul, our property — houses, goods, incomes, revenues, and other assets — and our families. We should give her our interior possessions too, such as our merits, graces, virtues, spiritual satisfactions, and even the pains and sorrows we suffer willingly for the love of God.

In this devotion the soul gives to Jesus, through Mary, all it holds most necessary and most dear, even the value of its prayers, penances, mortifications, fasts, alms-givings, and other good works.

Not even the strictest religious order would deny its members the right to dispose of these spiritual riches as they wished. The soul embracing this slavery to Mary surrenders to her the sole right to dispose of them as she wishes. We ask her to dispose of all we have, according to her own will, which reflects perfectly the will of God, for His greater glory — which she alone knows perfectly.

Her Will, Not Ours

She may apply our good works, for instance, to the relief of a soul in Purgatory, to the conversion of sinners, or to such other ends as she pleases.

By this devotion we place our merits in the hands of Our Lady only that she may preserve, increase, and embellish them. We give her all our prayers and good works, without reservation, and all the rewards they might obtain for us in heaven.

If we wish to use some of these spiritual treasures for our friends or relatives, or for the souls in purgatory, or for other purposes dear to us, we must humbly ask Our Lady to favor us in this — being willing to abide by her decision in the matter, which, of course, remains unknown to us.

We should realize that the hand that distributes these favors is the hand that distributes all God's gifts and graces among us here on earth, and that it works always for the greater glory of God.

PRAISE HIM— PRAISE HER

(for Robert Lax)

Praise him, praise her, praise all Soft steppers, all slow smilers, All sweet sleepers under The stars. For they praise them.

By foot, by face, by lying In bed so lightly, these Praise them, and therefore Him: He made them sing together.

And still He does; they know it; They listen, and they move Like dancers, and all night They smile in their sweet sleep.

So far it is down hither— Praise them, His poor children Who think they do so little For this immense reward.

—Mark Van Doren



One picture, it has been said, is worth ten thousand words. So, instead of giving you ten thousand words about the men of Madonna Ho use, who should have better sleeping quarters than those now available in St. Goupil's—and why we thought it advisable to start the St. Goupil Burse—we present herewith a picture of "St. G. oopy's." Get the boys out of "St. Goopy's" before Christmas. That's our motto and our prayer.

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